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# Light saber in my basement



44 4 7

## Chapter 1 by Gyro

Reed rummaged through the junk in his basement. *I could put almost all of this junk into the yard sale* Reed thought to himself. He was going through the piles of useless or broken junk his 5 kid family had accumulated over the past 15 years when the glint of polished metal caught the edge of his vision. He went over to the pile broken toys where he had found it. It was a small cylinder made of what looked like iron. And it was polished. *but nobody has looked through this stuff for so long* he thought and picked it up. On the side of it there was a small switch. He flicked it and a giant beam of light shot out of it.

## Chapter 2 by Zach Perzen (Formerly AWESOME DUDE FROM ANOTHER WORLD)



*Woah.* Reed thought. *This is awesome... as long as I don't kill myself with this first.* For a moment Reed wondered how much a beauty like this would bring, but then he realized he had better things to do than get the money this would bring in. Much better things.

*Like...* Reed thought smilingly, *Becoming a Jedi?* What was he thinking? *Something like this oughta be turned over to the FBI!*

## Chapter 3 by Jonnie Green- Movie Maker Jedi and Super Awesome Story Writer (P.S. This is a SECRET)

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As Reed left the basement he slipped the light saber into his pocket. He slipped the lightsaber into his pocket and headed back to his house.

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"Hey, Bo! Wassup?" Reed asked his friend when Bo opened the door. Bo looked a little on edge that day, his dark brown eyes shifting back and forth. "Hey, Bo. Something wrong?"  
"No. Nothing. Just... a little trouble with my boss."

"Man, I totally get it. Hey, you know how I was gonna have that yard sale?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Well, I went down to my basement and I found this:"

Reed pulled the lightsaber hilt from his pocket. Bo immediately stood up from his couch.

"Where did you get that?" he demanded.

"My basement-hey!" Reed pulled the weapon away as Bo snatched at it. "Bo, snap out of it. What's wrong?"

"I **need** that lightsaber!" Bo shouted, throwing a drink coaster at Reed. Reed quickly exited his friend's house and returned to his car. He looked up as he hit the gas, and glimpsed his friend in armour and with a jetpack coming towards him.

*Yeesh!* Reed thought, as his truck's tires spun on asphalt.

Reed drove quickly out of the neighbourhood and into the undeveloped scrub brush off the road that lay about a mile away from their neighbourhood. He kept his hands on the wheel, swerving this way and that as Bo kept firing at him. He kept hoping that Bo's jetpack would run out of fuel.

Sure enough, after about half an hour of swerving and dodging, Bo's jetpack sputtered out and Bo landed in the midst of the scrub.

Reed swerved his truck around and hit the gas. He was sure not going to come back around here until he got things a bit more sorted out.

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